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CARNEGIE

MAGAZINE

June 1954

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
GENERAL LIBRARY



*Pompeiiian bronze water jar,
on exhibit in Carnegie Museum.*

THE ROMAN ECONOMY

Approximately 27 B.C.—161 A.D.

The fine bronze work which characterized the highly civilized society of the Romans is illustrated by this water jar—discovered in the ruins of Pompeii.

Because the Romans were efficient in manufacturing and commerce, as well as in the arts, a well-developed money system came into being, based on a bi-metallic gold and silver standard.

As trade expanded, both within the country and with other nations, rudimentary banking practices were developed. Letters of credit and bills of exchange came into use. Certain individuals or partnerships, known as “negotiators,” received money for safekeeping and engaged in money-lending.

While this form of banking may seem primitive to us today, it was a great advance over the practices of other nations of that time. It illustrates the fact that, with the most highly-developed economy of their day, the Romans found it necessary to have the most highly developed banking system. This parallel still exists in our more complex economic world of today.

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COVER

No photograph can do justice to Carnegie Museum's PENNSYLVANIA CAVE group, a replica of a bit of limestone underworld in Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania, which has an ingenious arrangement of mirrors to give an effect of depth. Fifty gallons of liquid rubber were used in the real cave in the making of molds; only two of the stalactites and stalagmites in the group are original specimens.

The group was presented by Mrs. Douglas Stewart in memory of her husband, who was a former director of the Museum. It was designed and constructed by Othmar F. von Fuehrer, assisted by Carl Beato.

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SUMMER CALENDAR

PERMANENT COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS

The permanent collection of the Department of Fine Arts will be hung after the redecoration of the galleries, now in process, is completed. Gallery 2-A will contain paintings of the Old Masters; Gallery 2-B, modern European; and Gallery 2-C, American. The galleries will be reopened approximately July 1.

DECORATIVE ARTS

FOUR CENTURIES OF PORTRAIT MINIATURES from the Heckert Collection, Heckmeres Highlands, Butler County, in the Treasure Room, and the loan tapestry show in the Hall of Decorative Arts will both continue. A catalogue of the miniatures is available at \$1.50.

CONTEMPORARY ART

The Gallery of Contemporary Art will be open on the third floor throughout the summer months.

HALLS OF SCULPTURE AND ARCHITECTURE

The re-installed Hall of Sculpture and the Hall of Architecture on the first floor will be open.

SEA BOTTOM TO MOUNTAIN TOP

This exhibit, including the family tree of insects, enlarged models of insects, and glass models of marine organisms, has been shifted two rooms to the west to make room for the new Marine Hall. The case fronts have been repainted and a red trim added, and the family tree of insects considerably refurbished with new labels.

DEADLINE FOR WILDLIFE

The exhibit on wildlife conservation, prepared by the Museum with financial assistance from the Pennsylvania Game Commission, continues on the first floor. Features include cartoons, mural paintings, mounted specimens of native wild creatures, and a mountain waterfall.

ORGAN RECITALS

Marshall Bidwell will continue his organ recitals each Sunday afternoon at 4:00 o'clock through June, then resume on October 3. He will feature wedding music on June 6 and a program of request numbers on June 27. The recitals in Carnegie Music Hall are sponsored by the Arbuckle-Jamison Foundation.

CHILDREN'S HOURS

Creative Writing class for 10- to 14-year-olds will meet Tuesday afternoons at 2:30 o'clock in the Library beginning July 6 and continuing through August, under direction of Laura E. Cathon. Poetry, short story, drama, radio and TV scripts will be studied and written.

Outdoor Sketching class is open to 10- to 12-year-olds who are interested, during July. Amelia Wheeler Goldsmith will instruct the group, which will meet Tuesday and Thursday morning at 9:30 o'clock, beginning July 1.

Nature Study class is for interested 6- to 16-year-olds, with registration July 6 at 10:00 A.M. Laura Peth will teach. Classes will be scheduled after registration, held outdoors in good weather.

Story Hour for children up to 12 years of age is planned for each Wednesday at 2:30 P.M., in the Library during July and August.

BOOKMOBILE

Monday

Stanton and Hawthorne Aves., 10:30 A.M.—12:30 P.M.
Negley and Jackson Aves., 2:00—5:00 P.M.

Tuesday

Wilkins Ave. at Severn St., 10:30 A.M.—12:30 P.M.
Walnut and Ivy Sts., 2:30—4:30 P.M.

Thursday

Lilac St. at Murray Ave., 1:00—3:00 P.M.
Darlington Road at Murray Ave., 3:30—9:00 P.M.

Friday

Shiras Ave. and Broadway, 1:00—1:55 P.M.
Shadycrest 1100 block, 2:00—3:00 P.M.
Beechview Ave. and Broadway, 3:30—8:30 P.M.

WDTV

Book-review programs by Library staff members from WDTV each Friday morning at 10:00 o'clock continue this month, then feature new books for children and stories during July and August.

BOOKS FOR VACATION

Ten books, not including current best-sellers, may be borrowed from the Library for the summer. The loan period is June 1 to September 15.

GUIDE SERVICE

Arrangements may be made through the Division of Education for a guide to conduct groups through the Museum and Fine Arts departments. A small fee is charged for groups outside Allegheny County.



BIMINI EXPRESS ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY AT THE LERNER LABORATORY

TO BIMINI FOR BOAS AND EXHIBIT IDEAS

M. GRAHAM NETTING

WHEN an old snake-hunter to whom a desk chair has become a weariness to the flesh, when a tyro gardener who craves the sight of flowers at the end of winter, when a student of animal distribution to whom islands always present fascinating cross-water puzzles, when a museum official faced with the challenge of installing a marine exhibit, has a chance to chase snakes on a tropical island washed by the Gulf Stream, the path of duty becomes a skyroad to adventure.

Early in March I received welcome assurance from my old friend, C. M. Breder, Jr., chairman and curator of the department of fishes and aquatic biology at the American Museum of Natural History, that the Lerner

Marine Laboratory on the island of North Bimini in the Bahamas would have space for two herpetological investigators for a two-week period. Neil D. Richmond, associate curator of herptiles at Carnegie Museum, and I hastily assembled our collecting garb and gear and caught a plane to Miami. The next morning we boarded an eight-passenger amphibian "Goose" in company with a party of sport fishermen and after a thirty-minute flight over the fifty-five-mile wide, incredibly blue Gulf Stream, we stepped out into the intense white light of Bimini, one of the smallest British islands in the West Indies and the one closest to the shores of the United States. A short walk along the sidewalk-wide King's Highway, used only by cyclists,

pedestrians, and a few toy-sized motor-pulled vehicles, brought us to the Lerner Laboratory, where we were hospitably received by the resident manager, Marshall Bishop, and his wife and introduced to the other investigators.

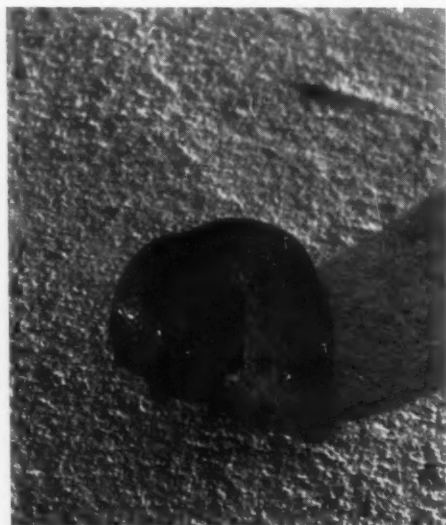
The Lerner Marine Laboratory was established in 1947 by Michael Lerner to further field studies in marine biology. Operated by the department of fishes and aquatic biology of the American Museum of Natural History with the help of an advisory committee that includes Philip Wylie, creator of the inimitable charter boatmen Crunch and Des, it has provided marvelous research opportunities for many investigators. In less than eight years more than fifty papers have been published on plants and animals of the area, fish behavior and life history, and cancer in fishes.

The fishermen with whom we traveled may have been equally assiduous in starting in pursuit of their quarry, but I am certain that their success with fighting bonefish was not so immediate as ours with snakes. Thanks to the efficient organization of the Lerner Lab, Neil and I were promptly introduced to Pedro, an experienced boatman and guide, and within three hours of our landing on North Bimini we had turned over the first jagged coral rocks on uninhabited South Bimini, reputedly one of Ponce de Leon's prospective spas, and bagged our first boas.

And what interesting boas they were—of two kinds and sizes, both nonpoisonous as are all boas, and both quite unlike the familiar boa constrictor of South and Central America. The fowl snake, the larger of the two types of boas in the Bahamas, Cuba, and Hispaniola, is represented by different forms on many of the isolated islands but is always more slender than the stout-bodied boa constrictor even though it may reach a length of ten or eleven feet at times. The fowl snake

was number one on my wanted list because a decade ago Coleman J. Goin and I christened a new species from Great Abaco in the northern Bahamas obtained by Arthur C. Twomey on an expedition with Matthew T. Mellon. My first Bimini representative of the group demonstrated that the spelling of the name of these poultry and rodent eaters might be altered in tribute to the potent musk they discharge when frightened! Even slight handling, however, makes them so docile that the play of blue iridescence on their intricately patterned skins may be admired without odorous distractions.

The smaller Bahaman boa is a diminutive burrower that scarcely reaches two feet in length but is far more numerous than its larger relative. In spite of its unimpressive size, it is world-famed among herpetologists for the unique habit of bleeding at the mouth. This strange behavior, assumed to be a type of defense although as yet unexplained, was



Photos by Neil D. Richmond

SHAMEFACED BOA IN TYPICAL PROTECTIVE BALL IS CONVENIENT FOR HANDLING. (12" across)



THE DISAPPEARING WORM HAS A CROWN OF GILLS THAT CAN BE RETRACTED QUICKLY

later demonstrated by some of our specimens. One of these shamefaced snakes, so named because they offer no resistance to handling and often squirm into a tight ball with the head inside, was observed to have a large "tear" of blood welling from its closed lips. At the same time, blood flooded under the transparent eye caps so that each eye glowed briefly like a red ruby. The blood was apparently a mixture of fluids for it contained sufficient mucus to be quite sticky, but we were as puzzled as previous herpetologists as to how this action could protect the snake from actual or potential enemies.

Descending even lower on the scale of snake sizes, we later uncovered three real prizes in

Newspapers at times compliment CARNEGIE MAGAZINE by reprinting articles from its pages. In this instance CARNEGIE MAGAZINE reprints, with some additions, an article Dr. Netting, director of Carnegie Museum, prepared on request for the *Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph*, which appeared in the issue for April 6, 1954.

blind snakes: tiny-mouthed, shiny-bodied, termite-eating little creatures smaller than a Pittsburgh nightcrawler, which have an erratic distribution in the warmer regions of the earth. Study of these snakes since our return confirms our field suspicion that they represent two entirely different species, one of which may never have been collected in the Bahamas previously.

Lizards were everywhere and entrancingly different from our few Pennsylvania species. Four different kinds of anoles—the so-called chameleons of circus hawkers—raced up palm trunks, sprawled on ground, leaves, or branches to soak up warmth or flashed their gaudy throat fans in gay challenge. Lined lizards raced across sandy ground to refuge in spiny tangles. Along the coastline alert curlytails verified their name by curling their tails vertically in clock-spring fashion and sometimes raced for crumbs from our noon-time sandwiches like park chipmunks. The trash under palm trees far from human habitation harbored a zoological miscellany—tiny inch-long geckos which we attempted to nab without disturbing other members of their community, such as six-inch centipeds, tarantulas as big as kittens, and colonies of formidable ants. Swampy areas were pitted with the holes of large bluish land crabs, great gray tree frogs squatted on thatch palm leaves awaiting rain, and land hermit crabs by the thousands wore everything from marine shells to bottle tops to protect their soft bodies.

Low tide often prevented our reaching collecting sites, but there was always something new and exciting to fill in these interludes. We were constantly made aware that the sea around us harbored a vastly greater diversity of bizarre and beautiful creatures than the specks of land. Other investigators kept the laboratory aquaria filled with living corals, conches, sponges, sea anemones, crabs and

multicolored fishes. Every day the waves cast ashore new riches. We waded the teeming tide flats of the bay, keeping close watch for well-buried sting rays, marveling that every empty conch shell provided shelter for fish or other animals, and even divesting fire sponges of perfectly camouflaged crabs until we learned that the name of the host had a double meaning, fire red in color and able to produce a fiery sensation when handled.

We could not, unlike most of the Americans who visit Bimini, devote full days to the pursuit of sailfish, marlin, or other trophies, but we did have a pleasant duty to the table when en route by boat to distant keys. We paused over coral reefs to fish with hand lines for yellow-tails and grunts, watching through glass bottom buckets as schools of blueheads cleaned our hooks three fathoms below in the crystal clear water. We learned how to drop a cable with sash weights as sinkers to the Gulf Stream floor to catch beautiful and tasty red snappers and large groupers whose eyes popped when they were hauled up from their holes 800 feet below, and we helped in the exciting task of boating a harpooned sting ray with the barbed and poisonous spine at the base of the tail still capable of inflicting an excruciating wound.

Collecting, fascinating though it proved to be, was only part of our purpose. We were intent upon familiarizing ourselves with the teeming marine life of the Bahamas, magnificently portrayed in the February 1952 and March 1954 issues of the *National Geographic Magazine*, so that we could contrast the Bahaman and Floridian edges of the Gulf Stream in a marine hall at Carnegie Museum. This hall, long needed to acquaint Pittsburgh children with some of the wonders of the ocean, is to be installed over a period of several years as a memorial to the late J. Verner Scaife, Jr., an ardent fisherman and a long-time devotee of the Museum. Through

the kindness of Mrs. J. Verner Scaife, Jr., the large collection of mounted game and reef fishes assembled by Mr. Scaife has been presented to Carnegie Museum. A generous gift from Alan M. Scaife will provide for the installation of these specimens, many of trophy size, in a dramatic display that will have broad appeal. Even as we marveled at sargassum fish luring and engulfing larger prey, James W. Lindsay, Carnegie Institute's versatile chief of display, was peering through a face-mask at the denizens of Florida coral reefs. Each of us saw far more than the Museum can hope or afford to reproduce in the immediate future but the Marine Hall on which we are now engaged will be the better for our having visited Bimini to meet in their home waters creatures as bizarre as sea hares and disappearing worms.

YOU—THE ARTIST

GORDON BAILEY WASHBURN and Herbert Weissberger will appear this month on the "You—The Artist" series from WQED, Channel 13, Monday evenings at 8:00 o'clock.

On June 7 Mr. Washburn will show and discuss four paintings from the Permanent Collection and the Gallery of Contemporary Art at Carnegie Institute, all dealing with the problem of light. These are *Moonlight* by R. A. Blakelock, *Sun Glitter* by Charles E. Burchfield, *Vermont Pastoral* by Luigi Lucioni, and *Dawn* by Jean Bazaine.

Mr. Weissberger, curator of decorative arts at the Institute, will appear on June 14 with other jury members of the seventh Annual Everyman's Art Show for Amateur Painters, discussing the awards in this exhibition at the Arts and Crafts Center June 12 to July 11.

A discussion on June 21 of "Best Materials for Best Expression in Art" by Henry Koerner, local free-lance artist, also in this series, will interest hobby painters.

PAINTINGS OF EVERYDAY LIFE

GORDON BAILEY WASHBURN

ON Founder-Patrons Day, October the fourteenth, the Department of Fine Arts will open its major exhibition of the fall season at Carnegie Institute. This year we will again turn to the field of painting and present *PAINTINGS OF EVERYDAY LIFE: GENRE PAINTING IN EUROPE, 1500-1900*. This will be the first time, to the best of our knowledge, that the subject of Genre, as a separate category of European painting, has ever been made the theme of an exhibition. We have chosen it partly because a survey of this category of art should offer a distinct contribu-

tion to a knowledge of art history and partly because representations of everyday life are at the opposite pole from the current trend in contemporary painting. It ought, therefore, to be an informative show as well as one that may provide food for thought on the esthetic problem of representational versus nonobjective painting.

In order to keep the quality of the exhibition as high as possible, little of the ordinary academic painting of the nineteenth century will be included, nor do we intend to embrace the Genre painting that was so abun-



L'IVROGNE CHEZ LUI OU LE RETOUR DU CABARET
(The Drunkard at Home, or Return from the Cabaret)
By JEAN BAPTISTE GREUZE (1725-1805)
Presently owned by the Estate of Berenice C. Bowles

dantly produced in America. Exhibitions of American Genre painting have often been held, as the one at the Carnegie Institute in 1936. Our undertaking will open with Breughel and the sixteenth-century practitioners of Europe and will close with Cézanne and the early works of Matisse and Picasso.

Though Genre painting appears in Greek and Roman art and reappears as an element in Gothic paintings in Italy from Giotto onward, it only becomes a self-contained category or a special kind of painting in Northern Europe in the sixteenth century. Its origin and character as a mode of art will be discussed in the preface to the illustrated catalogue of our exhibition which is in preparation.

In the north, representations of everyday life continued and enlarged the seasonal themes in the calendars of Gothic Books of Hours of the fifteenth century where *petit genre*, rather than *genre sublime*, became a major mode of expression, as Charles de Tolnay of Princeton has remarked in a letter to us. Regarded as an arbitrary division of painting, the word Genre carries no implication of the artist's attitude in its use, any more than do the themes of Landscape or Portraiture that may likewise be interpreted with varying degrees of subjective expression according to the artist's special feelings and thought.

Of course, the various pictorial modes, such as Genre, inevitably overlap—in this case with religious painting, landscape, still-life, and other arbitrary categories. But the word refers us directly to pictures of everyday life wherein a model or the human cast of characters is anonymous. This anonymity of the protagonists in a picture is what distinguishes Genre from Conversation Pictures, Portraiture, and so on. Their contemporaneity, besides, is another feature that

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NEW ADMISSION POLICY

CONFRONTED with the serious and growing problem of accommodating members of Carnegie Institute Society who attend the popular travel lectures in Music Hall on Tuesday evenings, the Institute feels obliged to take steps that will assure seating for all those who, through membership dues, contribute toward its support.

In the past all members, regardless of classification, have been extended the privilege of bringing a guest to the lectures. In those cases where the membership is registered in the name of husband and wife, one or the other actually is a guest of the Institute when they attend the lectures together.

The guest privilege has led to a situation that has two adverse effects: First, many paying members who wish to take advantage of their membership privileges are discouraged from doing so because of the seating situation; and second, the Institute is seriously hampered in encouraging new members to come into the Society, at a time when increased public support is so necessary.

The only practical solution is to place a restriction on the guest privilege. The Institute feels however that this restriction should apply only to the lowest classification of membership—the \$10 Annual Associate Membership—and that all higher classifications, beginning with the \$15 Annual Supporting Membership, should retain the guest privilege for the present. In other words, the new policy limits admission on the Associate Membership to one person, with all types above that admitting two persons.

All present Associate Members will receive a letter of explanation with their renewal notice next fall, together with instructions for renewing in the category of membership that carries the desired admission privilege.

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MARCO POLO, FABULOUS TRAVELER

NORMAN H. DAWES



MARCO POLO
Portrait in mosaic at Genoa

SEVEN hundred years ago this year Marco Polo was born in a Venice already being described as a jewel lying on the lagoons of the northern Adriatic. Few if any of his century were to be as well remembered by posterity as Marco. Not thousands but millions of human beings were destined to learn about this extraordinary person. What he accomplished, how his readers reacted to the narrative of his adventures, what he was like as an individual, and what general influence he exerted are all matters of moment to those who cherish the record and influence of the past.

In the immensity of the spaces he traversed and in the sheer number of the countries he visited, stretching all the way from the eastern Mediterranean to the Sea of Japan, from

the northern reaches of Mongolia to the southern tip of India, Marco Polo justified the proud boast of his recorder, Rusticien of Pisa, that "there never was a man . . . who travelled over so much of the world as did that noble and illustrious citizen of the city of Venice, Messer Marco . . ."

He not only saw, he reported. To the Europeans who knew little or nothing of the remote corners of the world he opened the doors to a treasure house of knowledge about the fabled East. His *Travels* were of unending delight to those who were curious about great oriental cities like Peking whose population, baths, bridges, and gleaming palaces were described in careful detail. For those of us who take delight in learning the customs of alien people, the account is rich in details as to food, drink, tattooing, gold teeth, clothes, sex, drinking, expectoration, healing, and marriage. Economists no less than cultural anthropologists have found rich content in Marco's report, for he tells of natural resources such as coal and oil, of paper money, an ever-normal granary, governmental assistance to the poor, pearl fisheries, commodities and methods of trade, and of sources of precious stones. No wonder he has been described so often as one of the greatest reporters of all time.

Marco Polo was more than traveler, observer, and reporter. He was a doer. For three years he served as governor of the great city of Yangchow in eastern China, and there he ruled as appointee of Kublai Khan, in whose eyes the young Venetian found much favor. During seventeen years in the service of the great Khan, Marco traveled at royal behest through province after province to garner for his master knowledge as to the attitudes,

customs, and general life of his subjects, who numbered into the millions. Once he served as a military engineer in constructing machines known as mangonels, capable of hurling stones weighing three hundred pounds. His machines were employed to reduce the city of Sa-Yan-Fu, which had resisted the onslaughts of the Tartars for over three years. Like Thucydides, Marco participated in history, but his insight into events does not rise to the high level of the great Greek. It is, however, to his credit that Marco was capable of relating events and of telling a story in an arresting way. The account of the rivalry and battles between Acomah and Argon, Mongol lords of Great Turkey in the Middle East, puts us in mind of the writings of Herodotus.

There is an Arabian Nights quality to the *Travels* as they relate the story of the Old Man and his seemingly magical gardens in which lolled langorous and ravishing maidens. Marco was too realistic to linger overly long in the domains of the Khan. After his seventeen years of service in the Tartar court he saw that it was to his interest to depart lest the Khan die and his successor prove unfriendly. But even in his departure Marco showed himself to be a man of action, for it was as an escort for a royal bride on her journey from China to Persia that the Venetian, now no longer a youngster, made his way homewards. As he returned to Venice northward along the Adriatic, that "pathway of gold," he was a living example of the characteristic that was soon to flower in the Renaissance, the union in one person of varied accomplishments.

Marco's *Travels* were replete with material of great interest to the readers of his day. The question of the destiny of Prester John had long been in men's minds, and the Polo account of that legendary person was undoubtedly read with great avidity. Long had

Christendom dreamed of winning the pagan East to the Cross, and Marco was not unmindful of that intriguing possibility as he told somewhat acidulously of opportunities for a great conversion of all Asia thrown away for want of zeal and stamina. Above all, how Venetian interest must have quickened over the descriptions of trade and all that went with it! Again and again, Marco described money systems, risks, profits, ship manufacture, sails, rigging, and commodities of exchange. How Venetian eyes must have glowed as they read of the port of Sin Giu with its fifteen thousand vessels, of the jewels of the Malabar coast, of the diamonds brought up from the floor of a deep Indian valley, of the pearl fisheries, of the fur trade of the north, and the silk trade of China. Marco talked the language of his fellow merchants desirous of extending their trade lines ever deeper eastward into Asia and northward to the waiting markets of France and central Europe.

But while Venetian eyes might have glittered over some portions of the *Travels*, Venetian eyebrows might well have been raised and lips pursed over other parts. This fellow Marco might know what he was talking about some of the time, but what on earth were these yarns about sheep with tails weighing thirty pounds, about houses on wheels, mountains of salt, snakes thirty feet in length, liquid that burns, and stones that when lighted give off heat for hours at a time! This man Marco must be a liar at best, a mad man at worst, ran the rumor along the Rialto. He wants us to believe that there are

Dr. Dawes, an associate professor of history at Carnegie Tech, spent last summer doing research on Roman art at the American Academy in Rome, under a Carnegie Teaching Award. He regularly acts as moderator for the Junior Town Meeting of the Air on WWSW Sunday evenings. A graduate of Boston University, he took his Ph.D. at Harvard, and has been at Tech since 1928.

magical sounds in the desert, that some men can control the weather, that fish can be hypnotized, that there are birds large enough to pick up and fly away with elephants. The doubtful remarked how often the word "millions" appeared, and "Marco Millions" became a byword and a taunt for Marco himself and for anything involving exaggeration.

Time has dealt more kindly with the reputation of Marco Polo than did some of his contemporaries. A lot that he related about the precious stones, the immense animals, the natural resources has been, of course, substantiated. While it is true that his account does not reveal him as poetic, art loving, or particularly critical, he nevertheless had many desirable personality traits. He seems to have liked people and hence he was liked. In long years of travel he overcame many obstacles in his journeys and was not daunted by distance, cold, snow, ice, storm, or flood. Confronted with many alien tongues, he mastered four different Asiatic languages. While not exactly conforming to what Castiglione was to describe as the gentleman and courtier, Marco Polo became experienced in diplomacy, he loved sports, he was remarkably tolerant, and he was a devout Christian. Credulous about some things, such as magically moving cups at the royal banquet table, he was nevertheless quick to condemn demonology whose practitioners "sport with the blindness of these deluded and wretched people."

If a distinguishing trait of the Renaissance man was that he assert his individuality in such a way as to make an impression on his own and on future ages, then Marco Polo most certainly was a Renaissance man. The influence of what he did long outlived him. From his time until 1368 when the new Ming dynasty, unlike the old Mongol rulers, excluded foreigners from China, the East-West trade expanded. To that growth of commerce

Marco Polo contributed mightily. Christopher Columbus is said to have studied and been influenced by the *Travels*, as was Toscanelli, the famed Florentine map-maker. It has been argued by some Polo enthusiasts that Prince Rupert was moved to establish the Hudson Bay Company partly as a result of his having read Marco's account of the fur trading possibilities of Siberia.

Legend has it that Marco Polo on his death bed was urged by his friends to admit that his narrative was false, at least in part. Touched with what historians like to call the spirit of modernity, the dying man is reputed to have replied, "I have not told half of what I saw." The next to the last sentence of the *Travels* reads, "I believe it was God's pleasure that we should get back in order that people might learn about things that the world contains." In that sentence is undeniable evidence that Marco Polo lived richly and accomplished greatly in an age that ushered in the waning of the Middle Ages and the beginnings of the modern world.

GENRE PAINTINGS

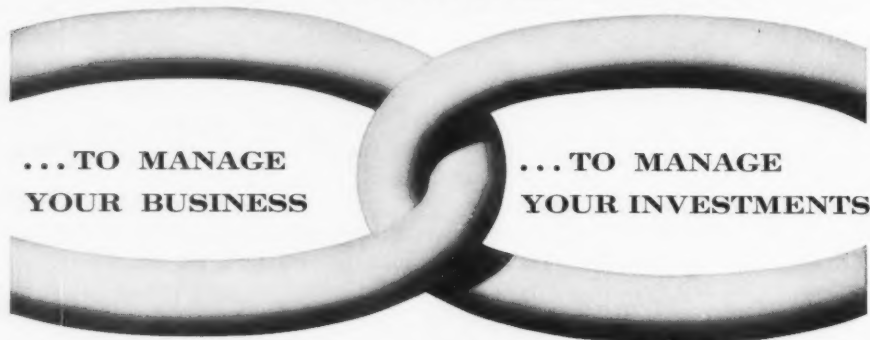
[Continued from page 190]

distinguishes Genre from Historical painting.

Our exhibition, consisting of about eighty outstanding pictures from American collections, both private and public, will represent Genre themes from Holland, Flanders, France, Italy, Spain, England, Switzerland, and Germany. It will be shown in the freshly decorated second-floor galleries of Carnegie Institute and will close on December the twelfth.

Mr. Washburn, director of the Department of Fine Arts, will be spending the greater part of the summer organizing the forthcoming exhibition of Genre painting. All of the paintings to be shown will be lent from American sources, and a number have never before been exhibited.

IT TAKES COMBINED SKILLS



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CAVES OF PENNSYLVANIA

J. ROBERT DUNN

HOLES in the ground are difficult to find. This is the conclusion of Pittsburgh speleologists who have been searching hill and vale for them the past few years. They are looking, of course, for caves—natural voids in the earth's surface. Despite difficulties they have added twenty entries to the list of popularly known caves in western Pennsylvania.

These new caves, together with those which have been known for generations, are reported in the recently published *American Caver*, Bulletin 15 of the National Speleological Society. Pittsburgh Grotto, at the request of Ralph W. Stone, retired state geologist and former president of the National Speleological Society, is co-operating with grottoes in central and eastern Pennsylvania in conducting an extensive survey designed to locate all Pennsylvania's little-known caves and discover many new ones. The results to date have been compiled by Dr. Stone and published in this current Bulletin.

The book (143 pages) describes 272 caves and mentions the unconfirmed existence of others. Each description outlines the principal features of the cave and gives information fixing its location. Whenever possible, data of a technical nature concerning cave life, geology, and so on, are also included. Accompanying the descriptions are many photographs and maps.

Bob Dunn is a third-year chemical engineering student at Carnegie Tech whose main hobby for the past seven years has been caving. He is one of several members of the Pittsburgh Grotto who contributed descriptions to Bulletin 15 of the *American Caver*, and he has explored all the caves in western and south central Pennsylvania therein listed, as well as others in Indiana, Missouri, New Mexico, and Florida.

In addition to the cave descriptions, the issue contains special articles treating various aspects of Pennsylvania speleology. In one of these the president of the Society, William E. Davies, of the United States Geological Survey, reviews the leading theories in cavern development and applies these in explaining cavern features noticeable in Pennsylvania caves. Commonplace animal life that a cave-explorer might observe is described by Charles E. Mohr, director of the Audubon Center at Greenwich, Connecticut. Particular attention is given to the bat, the unjustly maligned mammal that abounds in many caves. Other topics treated include limestone mines, commercial caves, "bone" caves—where fossil remains are found, and cave insects. Two interesting caves are singled out for full-length articles: Kookon Cave, deepest in the state and toughest to explore, in Huntingdon County; and Aitkin Cave, Mifflin County, in which the unexpected deluge of November 1950 nearly annihilated a large colony of bats. Also included is a collection of Indian legends and curious tall tales about caves in central Pennsylvania, related by Henry W. Shoemaker, director of the Pennsylvania State Historical and Museum Commission.

This is not the first report on Pennsylvania caves. About twenty years ago the Pennsylvania Topographic and Geologic Survey published a bulletin written by Dr. Stone describing 88 caves. The great increase in the number of caves described in the present report is due chiefly to the efforts of the National Speleological Society. This Society, organized in 1939, maintains a headquarters office at 1770 Columbia Road, N.W., Washington, D.C. It concerns itself exclusively

with the investigation of caves and related phenomena and at present has over fifteen hundred members throughout the United States and abroad. Because of the numerous contributions its members have made to speleology, the Society in 1949 became affiliated with the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Membership in the Society is open to anyone with an interest in caves; and although a significant portion of the membership is drawn from the professional group whose interest in caves is mostly technical, the major portion consists of people who consider caving as a sport or recreation. The former are called speleologists, and the latter, spelunkers.

Spelunking holds an attraction for the out-of-door enthusiast. For the most part, caves are located on farms or in the mountains, and reaching them involves getting away from the city and tramping through fields and hiking in the woods. Individuals with a sense of

adventure and a pioneer's instinct feel the appeal of spelunking also, for here there is always the chance and hope of discovering a virgin cavern or an unexplored passage, and uncovering a work of nature that has been hidden in darkness for millions of years. There exists the real possibility of finding the remains of ancient man or the bones of extinct animals. A few years ago Pittsburgh spelunkers unearthed the skeleton of an extinct Pennsylvania elk. (Carnegie Magazine, Vol. XXII, pp. 46-49) Every cave offers a multitude of spots for exploration and needs for investigation; there are holes and crevices to be squirmed through, deep pits to be plumbed and walls to be scaled. It was in part for the spelunker that the Society's motto was coined: "The last frontier for the pioneer!"

Contrary to prevailing public opinion, spelunking is not a particularly dangerous sport. Armed with proper equipment and

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common sense, a spelunker should be safer in a cave than on the highway.

The paramount need of the spelunker is, of course, a cave. Western Pennsylvania, although not endowed so well as central and eastern Pennsylvania, can provide the spelunker with 30 or 40 limestone and 6 or 7 sandstone caves. Chestnut Ridge, which extends from Cooper's Rocks, West Virginia, to the Conemaugh River near Blairsville, is the principal stamping ground of Pittsburgh spelunkers. Along this ridge the thick-bedded Loyalhanna Limestone outcrops extensively and contains some of the largest caves in the state.

The best known and most often visited cave on the ridge is Dulany's, situated about 5 miles south of the Summit Hotel, near Uniontown. It has several large rooms and passageways and is possibly the largest cave in Pennsylvania. It is for the most part dry and easy to explore. The owner, Norman Cole, of Uniontown, is developing a picnic grove above the cave. Next in popularity is Bear Cave, located about 50 miles from Dulany's, on the west flank of the ridge, near Blairsville. It consists of a maze of interconnecting tunnels that average about 5 to 10 feet high and 4 to 5 feet wide. The cave features a waterfall that plunges over a white flowstone cascade at the back of the cave.

On the opposite side of the ridge is the entrance to a cave that was first entered in 1946. The discoverers called it Coon Cave, noting that an animal larger than a coon would not fit the entrance. In wet weather one or two inches of water covers the floor of the entrance crawlway and soaks any explorer attempting entrance to the cave. The cave contains nearly a half mile of passageways, most of which are low crawls. Nearby are Lemon and Copperhead Caves with 25- to 30-foot drops at their entrances, which require a rope or ladder to negotiate. Copper-

head consists of a single passage about a thousand feet long with several abrupt drops along its length. Lemon is shorter but contains more passageways. Both require climbing throughout.

In the region northwest of Pittsburgh the massive, dark-grey Vanport limestone outcrops extensively and provides the spelunker with some interesting caves. The cave at Harlansburg, which was broken into by a construction crew while excavating a road cut, is typical of the caves in Vanport limestone. It is a network of interlacing passages, adorned in places with colored dripstone and floored everywhere with a tacky, semiliquid clay that is occasionally knee-deep. The limestone is often overlain with iron deposits, and advantage was taken of this by early iron manufacturers who were able to obtain two important raw materials from a single source by mining the ceiling and walls of a Vanport cave. Sarah Furnace Cave, situated high above the Allegheny River at Brady's Bend, was mined on a large scale in pre-Civil War days by an iron manufacturer who located his furnace beneath the cave on a flat terrace at river level. The ore was hauled out by mules and dumped into shutes that conducted the ore directly into the furnaces. Pick marks, drill holes, and mine props can still be seen in the cave although the operation ceased over a century ago.

[The National Speleological Society held its 11th annual convention in Pittsburgh with sessions at Carnegie Museum on April 2 and at Mellon Institute on April 3. At the annual banquet in Webster Hall, six annual Citations of Merit were awarded, one going to Director M. Graham Netting in recognition of the work of Carnegie Museum in promoting scientific investigations of caves with particular respect to the Bedford County sinks and Cumberland Bone Cave, and in tribute to the Museum's Pennsylvania Cave group.]



Art for the table



Original Carnegie Institute

The importance of condiments and seasonings in the English diet is evidenced by the time and talents spent by the famed 17th and 18th century silversmiths in creating elaborate casters for the table. Here, for example, is a set fashioned by Robert Hennell of London in 1782. Its four silver cruetes were designed for the flavor aids—mustard, vinegar, oil and cayenne.

Caster design kept step with the times. When Robert and James Adam, inspired by the discoveries at Herculaneum and Pompeii, based their architectural and interior designs upon the ancient classic order, silversmiths followed suit. This Hennell piece catches their mood with its festooned handle and the festoons of leaves interspersed with urns and rosettes on the frame. Another mark of the neo-classical period is the pierced scrollwork and the fine beading.

A cruet frame as handsome as this—especially when filled with fine vinegar and select condiments—would be certain to inspire a beautifully flavored salad or meat or vegetable!

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COINS THAT TALK—GREEK AND ROMAN

DOROTHY GRISWOLD

WHEN it is learned that I collect and study ancient coins, I am usually told that "my young brother collects stamps" or asked whether I make jewelry out of the coins.

Both of these reactions are a surprise because the collector of Greek and Roman coins usually is interested in the events and people depicted by the coins and their endless variations—so seldom found in modern stamps. He would never think of defacing them by holes or stringing them on a chain.

In Rome in 1949 and 1950 I began looking through basins of coins in the tiny shops around the Piazza di Spagna. They usually sold for about thirty cents apiece and an hour or two passed very quickly while I ran my fingers through them. Later I began buying at the counter and discovered that the beautifully designed Greek coins, silver and bronze, were worth the extra money.

Soon I recognized Nero's pushed-in face, Caesar's classic profile, Caligula's long neck and Otacilia's marcel wave. I further learned that the reclining old man was probably the Nile, that the chipper figure in the spring bonnet was really Mercury about to take off. Also I could see every day on the streets of Rome the remains of those landmarks on the coins, the Colosseum, the arch of Septimius Severus, and Trajan's column. Of course over and over again, I saw Athena and Apollo—

Athena's head encircled in a wreath or in full figure brandishing a sword and shield. Apollo fooled me sometimes. I looked through my books to locate that fancy headdress. How puzzling those fluttering feathers on the sides and were those blobs, below, earrings? No—after all, it was really Apollo taking the carnival spirit right into battle.

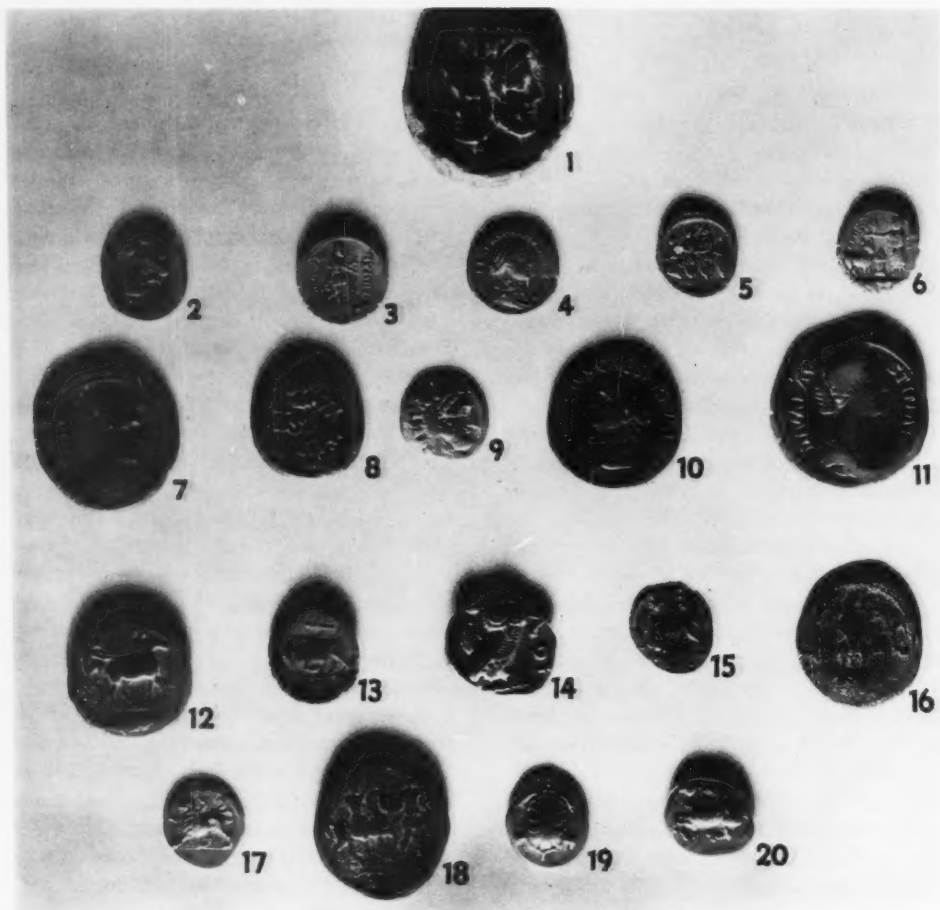
Quite recently in *Archaeology* appeared an article telling about the coins commemorating Rome's birthday (April 21, 753 B.C.). These coins came out for nearly nine hundred years, under many rulers. The Roman wolf with the twins seemed literally to back up more emperors than the gods.

When I finished the article I wondered why I had never thought of centering my collection around the wolf symbol. At times it has seemed to me that a coin collector would do well to maintain a definite direction. For instance the great variety of animals and birds on coins would be one angle, or architectural features could point the way. Arches, temples, altars are found in abundance as well as monuments. But this Birthday-of-Rome idea touched off personal memories.

My daughter was born in Rome on the birthday of Rome and named Romola. Her grandfather on one side had been born in Rome, Ohio, her grandmother on the other side, in Rome, New York. We seemed to have Rome in the family.

As a child Romola had worn on a chain around her neck the usual coral horn to ward off the evil eye, and a tiny silver wolf. Like most children born in Rome on that day she had been named after one of the twins. When she was twelve years old we were again in Italy on April 21, where she could see the colorful parades—even feel a part of it.

Mrs. Griswold lived in Rome from 1920 to 1923, while her husband, Ralph E. Griswold, was at the American Academy in Rome as landscape-architect winner of the Prix de Rome. In 1932 she traveled all over Italy with her daughter, then lived there in 1949-50 while her husband was making the landscape plan for the Anzio Cemetery and Park near Naples. She minored in the classics at Cornell and later held an associate fellowship at the American Academy.



GREEK AND ROMAN COINS FROM MRS. GRISWOLD'S COLLECTION

But most of all, the Caesar-centered interest has developed. When I was fourteen years old I attended a boarding school where every child studied Latin for four years. The school spirit centered not around sports but around the Latin teacher, Miss McDonald (although that was forty-four years ago—I visited her recently). Our big event for the year was a production of *Julius Caesar*, and I was the soothsayer. Day after day we re-

hearsed and I eventually knew the play by heart. I must admit, however, that the motivations were lost on me, as I took all speeches literally and was lost in a fog. (Alas for Anthony's "This was the noblest Roman of them all" and "For Brutus was an honorable man.")

Among my first coins were some centering around Caesar—two of himself, one of Augustus Caesar, one of Pompey and his son,

one of Marcus Aurelius and one of Brutus—not the one with the dagger, I regret to say.

This winter when I saw the *Julius Caesar* movie production I was entranced. I meant to go again and again, but it moved away before I managed to return. There in the theater the words came back, the faces from my coins were speaking their lines and, best of all, I comprehended the undertones, the gestures, the pauses. It was like being crowned!

In nearly every magazine we read of excavations. Few of us can ever take part in them. But now and then we can come across coins that lead us into another age, another world. We can wonder what the people were like and what they did. In the accompanying illustration are a few coins that I have been puzzling over.

1. Here we have the famous As, the earliest Roman coin, about 400-300 B.C. On one side is two-faced Janus and on the other the prow of a galley indicative of the maritime power of Rome.

2. A coin of the Early Roman Republican period shows Tarpea attempting to separate two warriors. The vivid action is typical.

3. Another coin of the same period. Here is Ulysses starting out on his travels accompanied by his dog.

4. Lucilla—on one of the small silver coins called denarius. Her marcelled hair and folded scarf make her seem very up-to-date.

5. This coin of Brutus has the head of Liberty on one side and four lictors on the other. It was struck in a period when he needed to show powerful support. Liberty was a watchword then as now.

6. An altar with a bull about to be sacrificed was often struck by a victorious ruler.

7. Here Caesar, even like Baucynne, was able to show his best profile.

8. A Greek coin of about 390 B.C. It demonstrates the skill with which the Greeks

showed action within a small circumference.

9. Here is a very famous coin of Thrace, about 500 B.C., showing Hercules' head covered by a lion's skin.

10. One of the typically majestic coins of the emperors is this one struck by Claudius. The reverse usually depicts exploits or shows a goddess giving her approval.

11. Faustina seems to have been the glamor girl of the second century A.D.; we often come upon her portrait.

12. The donkey here was not a symbol of the Democratic party. It was one of the earliest silver coins, struck about 461 B.C. On the reverse is a rabbit, representing the worship of Pan.

13. This small bronze coin shows a butting bull. It is a coin from Thurium, about 400 B.C. and has Athena's head on the other side.

14. The owl here is considered the bird of wisdom and was depicted on this large silver coin. It was circulated throughout the ancient world. With a beautiful wreathed head of Athena on the other side, it was most popular (500-400 B.C.).

15. The wolf symbolizing the birthday of Rome appeared for centuries in various forms.

16. Augustus Caesar used this eagle to back his portrait. (80 A.D.). From then until now how many countries have borrowed the same symbol.

17. In the Peloponnesus this small silver coin was struck about 430 B.C. Its beautiful design is backed by a figure of a dove.

18. Commodus in 180 A.D. struck these heavy bronze coins: his portrait on one side, while the other shows two men and a horse.

19. Aegina was the first town in Europe to strike coins. This type in silver with the sea-tortoise endured for two or three centuries. (600-550 B.C.)

20. The last coin is one of the most famous of all—a silver stater. Pegasus is flying

[Turn to page 208]

THE GLEANERS

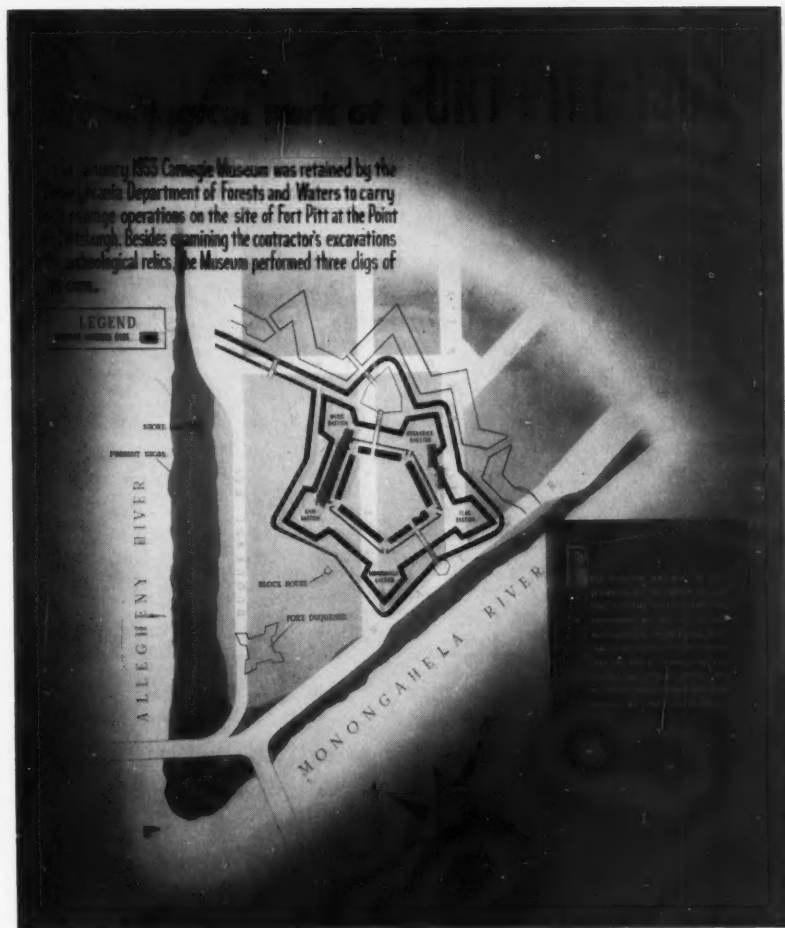
Two hundred years is a long time in the life of any building, especially one located on highly strategic and much fought-over ground. If the two hundred years cover periods of revolution, fire, flood, razing, filling, construction, reconstruction, antiquarian exploration and plain vandalism, it doesn't take an actuary with a slide rule to figure out how much is likely to be left of the original building after the commotion quiets down. In contracting with Carnegie Museum for archeological salvage work on the old Fort Pitt site during excavations for The Point State Park last year, the Pennsylvania Department of Forests and Waters was not proposing a treasure hunt so much as a final safeguard against letting some neglected fragment of local history disappear forever under the bulldozers of progress.

Ask the average American past grade-school age about Fort Pitt and he will probably tell you it was the immediate ancestor of modern Pittsburgh, named for William Pitt the younger and built on a plot chosen by George Washington. Pittsburghers can usually carry the story back to the days of the French occupation, when henchmen of the sixteenth Louis were holding brief sway over The Point from a much smaller fort named Duquesne. Those who read the absorbing feature article by Rose Demorest of the Carnegie Library staff in the *Pittsburgh Press* on Sunday, January 11, 1953, know that Pittsburgh had its own Pentagon for a period of thirty years back in the eighteenth century. It was to fill in more details about this so-called five-sided wonder that the State enlisted expert aid shortly after the *Press* story appeared.

The Museum's Section of Man was a natural choice for the job. Since 1950 an expedition truck labeled "Carnegie Museum

Archeological Survey" has been carrying teams of skilled excavators all over the Upper Ohio Valley in search of clues to the life and hard times of the prehistoric redskin. Scientific detectives who can turn over a few hunks of broken crockery and tell you what some nameless sachem had for lunch a thousand years ago should be more than competent to evaluate evidence a couple of centuries old. The only catch is that before they can perform such feats there has to be something to evaluate. Suppose nothing is found, or close to nothing. The effort is still worth making, because how do you know what may lie at your feet under several tons of earth if you haven't looked?

Curator James L. Swauger's first move as archeologist in charge of the assignment was to set up a project staff that included historian Lawrence S. Thurman, assistant archeologist Arthur M. Hayes, and clerical and laboratory assistant Dorothy Dragoo. His second was to review the work of his predecessor, Wesley A. Bliss, who had made an archeological investigation of the site for the Point Park Commission a dozen years ago. An unpublished report on the Bliss survey, together with a set of maps prepared for the Commission in 1943 by the Pittsburgh Department of City Planning, served as the Museum crew's main guide to the area. For the rest they consulted other local archeologists and historians, relying largely upon Rose Demorest and her staff in the Pennsylvania Room at Carnegie Library. Their aims were to establish the dimensions and boundaries of the old fort or confirm those previously recorded, and to collect bricks as well as other man-made objects dating from before 1800. The big difference between their job and Bliss's was that this time some of the ground was being



Clifford J. Morrow, Jr.

dug up anyway for other purposes. Theoretically all an archeologist had to do was follow the bulldozers and high-lifts with an eagle eye to make sure of not missing anything.

The way things actually worked out, there was little to choose between a Museum man and any one of the contractor's laborers when it came to expenditure of elbow grease. Keeping up with a power shovel is no child's play,

especially when you are on the lookout for old and discolored objects of any size or shape, jumbled indiscriminately together in a heap of dirt that is being lifted, moved, dumped, rolled, and tamped all the time you are trying to examine it. Most of the area under excavation consisted of fill that was laid down about 1900. Presumably this might contain fragments of the old fortifications, or of nineteenth-century buildings made partly

of fort material. Even if nothing so old was found, Swauger and his men hoped to get a stratified section of fill that would tell at least the later history of the city by its rubbish deposited in successive layers. Both expectations were disappointed. The fill not only contained no mementos of Revolutionary times but proved to be the same all through—a layerless mishmash of tar paper, ashes, cement, sewer pipe, and other outworn remnants of mass production.

But the contractor's excavations were not the whole story. At three points along Liberty Avenue the Museum men dug pits of their own to expose parts of the old brick and stone wall, now permanently covered by the ramp for the new highway development. In the original fort this was the south wall, between the Grenadier and Flag Bastions. A fourth pit on the opposite side followed the direction of the north wall, extending from the Ohio Bastion to the Music Bastion where

the bugler used to stand. Of a dozen or two stones and logs and several hundred bricks collected by the Museum expedition as a whole, the majority came from these walls. No other objects of like age were found anywhere on The Point.

In his preliminary report the Curator voices his disappointment at the dearth of historical specimens other than fragments of wall, and a few pages farther on mentions souvenir hunters, whom he describes as the bane of an archeologist's existence. During last year's excavations people not only pestered the diggers for pieces of the old fort but helped themselves to modern bricks and bits of cement which they mistook for authentic Fort Pitt relics. Since human nature changes very little in the course of two centuries, it seems likely that all the detachable material of any possible antiquarian value was carried off long ago by the ancestors of today's looters. At one time there is said to have been

*"Put not your trust in money,
but put your money in trust."*

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

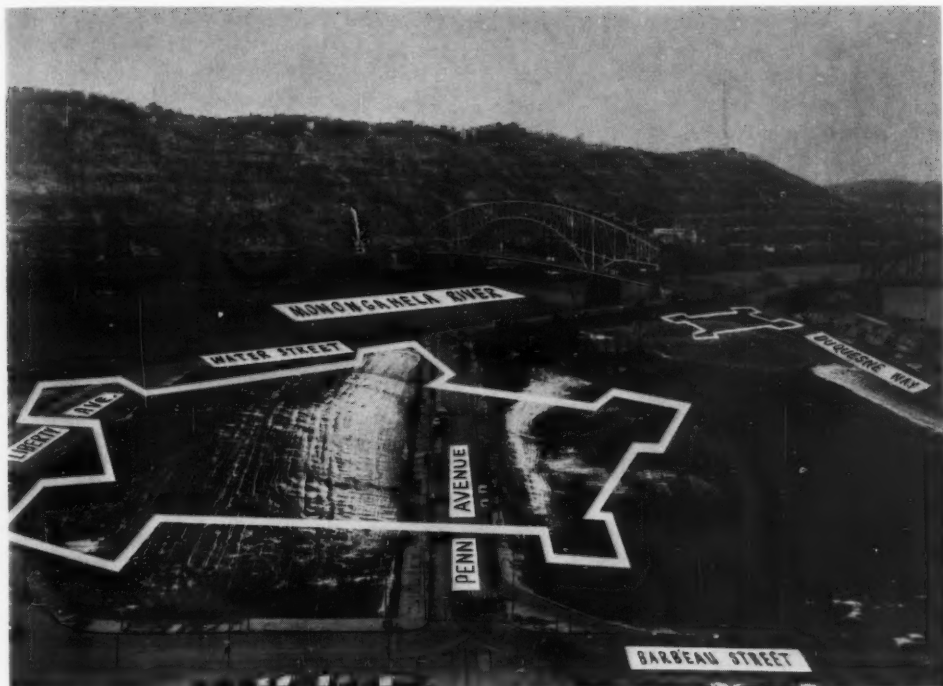
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THE LARGER OUTLINE LOCATES FORT PITT AT THE POINT; THE SMALLER, FORT DUQUESNE

a thriving trade in Fort Pitt brick, and more than once The Point has been wide open to such vandalism as always follows in the wake of fire and flood.

On the other hand, enough samples of the old fort structure have been salvaged to give any museum visitor some idea what it was like. A small exhibit has been on view at Carnegie Museum since last December. Another will form part of the historical museum to be erected in the new Point State Park. In addition, valuable data on the materials, layout, and building techniques of the fort have been added to the record by last year's explorations. When a final report has been made there will be enough details for a scale model of the fort to be built at The Point or elsewhere. Meanwhile the facts are there for

those who want them, thanks to a timely precaution on the part of the Commonwealth.

Although some excavation remains to be done around the site where a drawbridge once spanned the old moat, for all practical purposes Fort Pitt as a physical feature of The Point now belongs wholly to the past. Before long the last visible trace of two hundred years' occupation will be obliterated by new landscaping, new highways, and new public buildings, looking as timeless as if they had been there always. But some day when the hour and the weather and the state of your imagination are just right, stop a minute near the north end of Barbeau Street and you may be lucky enough to catch the faint echo of a colonial bugle, blowing a slow and solemn taps.

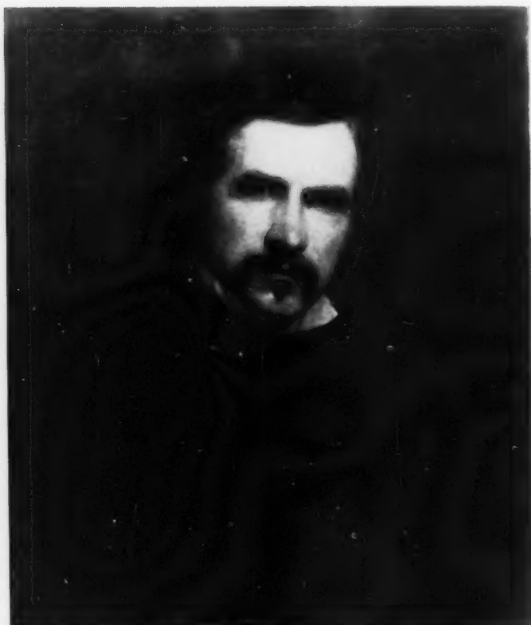
G. P. A. HEALY, AMERICAN ARTIST

JOHN O'CONNOR, JR.

THIS article is at one and the same time a brief review of a book, *G. P. A. Healy, American Artist*, published in February of this year by David McKay Company, Inc., of New York, and a discussion of an almost forgotten painting in the permanent collection of Carnegie Institute. The latter is *Portrait of the Artist* by George Peter Alexander Healy (1813-94).

The book is by the artist's granddaughter, Marie de Mare. It has a subtitle, "An Intimate Chronicle of the Nineteenth Century," and is dedicated "To the Memory of George P. A. Healy and Louisa Healy and to Their Descendants." The book has an introduction by Eleanor Roosevelt. The relationship of the author to the subject, the subtitle, dedication, and the prestige of the name of the person who wrote the introduction constitute in themselves a casual review of the book. Any artist might wish for such a biography, done with admiration, sympathy, and with practically no critical comment. It is a fascinating and intimate view of an American artist of the nineteenth century who enjoyed an admirable and happy family life and a very successful career.

It may well serve, too, as a brief history of American art from Gilbert Stuart to John Singer Sargent. Healy tells in *Reminiscences of a Portrait Painter*, published in 1894, and a book on which his granddaughter naturally drew for material, that he, "Little Healy," saw Gilbert Stuart on the streets of Boston. Moreover, his father's portrait had been



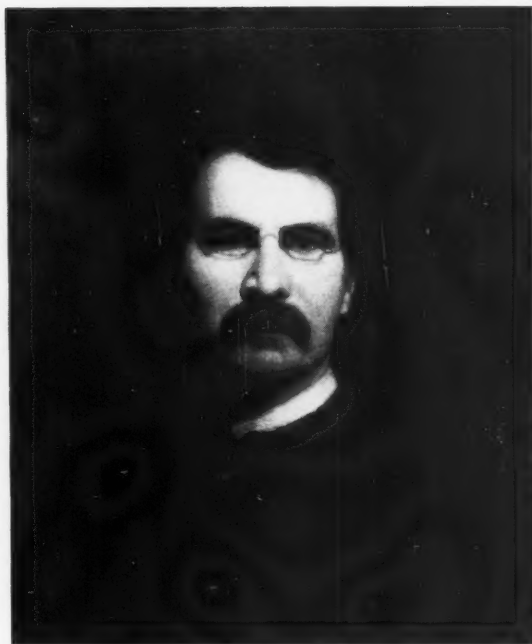
PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST (1851)
BY GEORGE PETER ALEXANDER HEALY
Owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art

painted by Stuart, and the first painting Healy copied for Louis Philippe was Stuart's *Washington*. Healy was encouraged in his youth by Jane Stuart, and it was Thomas Sully who advised him to make painting his profession. It was Healy, who, in turn, in later years advised John Singer Sargent to make art his career. It may be fitting at this point to indicate that there is a very proper revival of interest in Healy, stirred up, for the most part by the exhibition HEALY'S SITTERS held in 1950 at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts under the able direction of Leslie Cheek, Jr.

The book, to narrow its scope, is the story of the years 1832-92, Healy's productive period. It is the story of the little Boston boy, born in 1813, who at twenty-seven became Court Painter for King Louis Philippe of France, and found a friend and, one might say, servant in Edmé Savinien Dubourjal, the miniaturist, who gave up his career to follow the American artist. Healy met Thomas Couture in 1834 in the studio of the great and unfortunate painter, Baron Gros. Couture became his staunch and faithful friend. Healy was always fortunate in his relations with people, be they humble, wearers of crowns and coronets or silk hats, or no hats at all. Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis sat for him when he was a mere youth; General Lewis Cass introduced him to Louis Philippe, and all his distinguished sitters seemed to take him to their hearts: Andrew Jackson, John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster, Pius IX, Louis Thiers, Charles Goodyear, Franz Liszt, Charles I of Rumania, Lord Bulwer-Lytton, François Guizot, Henry W. Longfellow, and Audubon, to mention only a few. The artist died in Chicago in 1894, and he is the only painter of whom I have knowledge who passed into eternal life with the words "Happy, so happy" on his lips.

His granddaughter ends her book on this note: "In the Cathedral to which flocked the

Formerly associate director of fine arts at Carnegie Institute, Mr. O'Connor is secretary-treasurer of the One Hundred Friends of Pittsburgh Art and also of the Friends of Art in Parish Schools, a new organization. He is president of the Catholic Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania and has been doing research for the 200th anniversary of the first public religious ceremony in Pittsburgh, celebrated a month ago.



PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST (c.1869)
BY GEORGE PETER ALEXANDER HEALY
Owned by Carnegie Institute

people of Chicago, Father Agnew began with deep feeling: 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant. . .'. And all who were there felt the everlasting truth of these words. Throughout his life George Healy had served his God, his country, his family, his friends. He served the art he loved."

The book in a sentence, one may have gathered, is the loving tribute a granddaughter of her background would write of a distinguished forebear whose lot had been a particularly eventful and happy one.

To turn to a consideration of the painting at Carnegie Institute, *Portrait of the Artist* is oil on canvas, 20 inches in width by 24 in height. It is neither signed nor dated. When it was offered to Carnegie Institute, the donor

wrote: "It was painted some thirty years ago." That would make the date circa 1869, when the artist was fifty-six. It is unlike any of the other many self-portraits in its severity and unromanticism. It is as honest as the day is long, without the elegance and flourish which characterizes many of his self-portraits, as for instance *Portrait of the Artist* signed "G. H. 1851," now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. There is a possible chance, slight though it may be, that the Carnegie painting is the same portrait that was one time in the collection of Christian Wolff of Pittsburgh. In his ledger, now in the art reference room of Carnegie Library, he recorded on page 34, "Painting 34 Self-Portrait by G. P. A. Healy, 20 x 24, purchased in September 1861 from J. J. Gillespie." The one now owned by Carnegie Institute was the gift in October 1899, of C. C. Ruthrauff, secretary and treasurer of the Gogebic Iron Syndicate, New York, probably a friend of Andrew Carnegie.

Healy did many self-portraits. One, done when the artist was twenty-one, is described by his granddaughter: "A young face with a small mustache and lively eyes." And of one done even earlier she wrote: "A rather heavy nose against ruddy cheeks, a round firm chin, strong despite the slight cleft (his mother called it stubborn Irish), blue eyes so deep-set under the dark brows that they seemed at times almost black; a somewhat sensuous mouth, optimistic with its upturned corners. His wavy brown hair parted on the side framed the face in a flattering bob that girls would adopt a century later." This reads as if it were a description of the 1851 self-portrait now in the Metropolitan and reproduced with this article.

In the Carnegie self-portrait the subject has a very full mustache, lacks the goatee he was accustomed to wear, has spectacles with an irregular frame, and the abundant hair

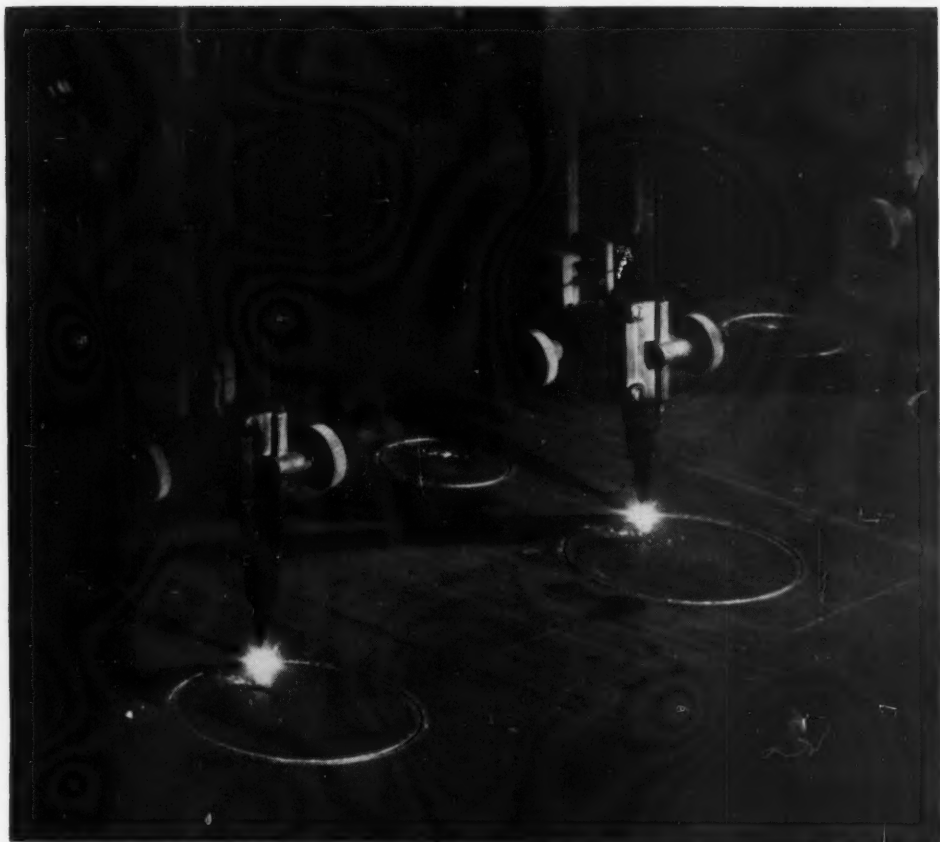
seems to have begun to recede from his forehead in one place. It is the portrait of a man past middle life, done with restraint and frankness and with no delusions of grandeur. It has something of the character of his *Seated Lincoln* of 1864, which someone remarked had the factual honesty of a Brady photograph. I doubt if Healy knew Thomas Eakins (1844-1916), but there is much akin to the Philadelphian in the portrait of John Cardinal McCloskey done in 1865, in *Emma Thursby*, painted in Paris in 1879, and particularly in the self-portrait at Carnegie Institute in which he was again at his best, as in his sober, solid portraits of impressive men.

The question arises at once, what of Healy's rank among American artists? Here is a painter acclaimed in the nineteenth century in Paris, Rome, London, Berlin, and Bucharest, who is now neglected and almost forgotten. Virgil Barker concedes him to be the best among the mid-nineteenth century specialists in portraiture. But in writing of Healy's routine competence, he relates: "It was a routine matter with Healy for the technical uniformity of his large output by itself tends to obscure its equally uniform superiority to any matching quantity by any other portraitist." Healy has not survived, it may be surmised, in the twentieth century, because the call is now for psychological portraits. Healy's paintings give an idea of what his sitter looked like, but not necessarily what they were like. The *Portrait of the Artist* at Carnegie Institute is an exception to his routine competence. It is honest and, once again, and again, honesty is the best policy.

COINS THAT TALK

[Continued from page 201]

through the air. (400-338 B.C.) This last group of coins can give an idea of the vast number of animals that inspired the Greek coin-makers.



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By ANDRÉ MALRAUX, TRANSLATED BY STUART GILBERT
Doubleday & Company, Inc., New York City, 1953.

661 pages (\$25.00)

15 illustrations in color, 465 in black and white

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ANDRÉ MALRAUX AND THE TRAGIC IMAGINATION

By W. M. FROHOCK

Stanford University Press, California, 1952. (\$4.00)

Oxford University Press, Oxford, England, 1953. (22 s.)

Pages XV + 175

Carnegie Library no. 843 M295zf

EVER since the first volume of the *Psychology of Art* appeared on the scene in 1949 we have experienced a reawakened interest in all the earlier writings of André Malraux and the inherently perplexing problems of such a magnanimous personality. It should be remembered that the *Psychology* was first published in three separate volumes and even a couple of years passed between the printings. If we were at first confused by the intentions of the author, I think it is now readily understandable why our earliest response was so reserved.

Nevertheless the same time lapse between printings gave us time for speculation, and those of us who were least familiar with the writer of *Man's Fate* and *Man's Hope*—except for perhaps the questionable movie version of the latter—looked to the certitude of these novels as means of better understanding the man. In this country, where any wider reading audience depends so much upon English translations from the original French, a whole new generation was being at once introduced to the complete works of Malraux.

Even if we were thus confronted with the novelist long before we received our final volume in the *Psychology of Art*, we were also left

with the no less puzzling picture of the man behind his novels, a man who was an eminent and public figure in political life; paradoxically enough, a man who held the most safeguarded private life, and yet a man who was superseded if not surrounded by his own legend.

In 1948 he was constantly referred to as the intellectual lieutenant of General Charles de Gaulle, winning this favored position after actively serving in the French Underground. They say he is supposed to have written political speeches for the General. What is actually significant about all this is the fact that it constitutes almost an about-face to his previous political leanings. All his earlier writings between 1924 and 1939 were strongly pro-Communist, although Malraux never held a party card and certainly always had his own Communist detractors who held his novels as suspect.

Since 1945 he has openly and bitterly attacked the Stalinist movement, and we now begin to wonder whether he was ever really on their side. Like so many of our own countrymen who fought in Spain during the '30s, Malraux took sides and bore arms along with the Communists because he was against Fascism. If one danger was supplanted by still another more exacting, then Malraux has re-orientated himself politically, for he has always made an ethical problem out of his own public role. It is just such a decisive act which bespeaks of his own "do or die" attitude that appears in all his novels—it is the only victory that modern man can win over his destiny.

Now all his writings on art make of life a battle, and art itself, the final victory. He does not write like an art-historian, but only

like Malraux the novelist. He has, in effect, written a "fictionized" account of art's history, and his means is no different than the one he employs to fictionize every autobiographical detail of the novels. If political action held his attention before and served to testify to his views on man's fate, he now returns to his own youthful interest in art with all the necessary means of extracting some fresher testimony. For actually we begin to suspect that Malraux is much more constant than his own historical epoch.

In the novel Malraux may fictionize to the point of actually falsifying history, and this may be accepted and defended as his artistic right. Not quite so with the art-historian. There are many already who have been left at odds to find Malraux persuading us to believe in Rembrandt's failure as "the ill-success of the *Night Watch* was inevitable." Yet who can believe that this learned man does not already know from our contemporary scholars that this painting was indeed well received in its own day? Nor can we fail to see, because there are just so many more instances of this kind, which his discreditors can clearly criticize from a technical standpoint, that Malraux's intention is more often that of the poet. He is the kind of poet who re-creates the myth. He surrounds his artists, as well as his heroes, with an aspect of the tragic, but his artists are the most reluctant to accept their fate. It is a modern myth simply because so many of his artists win a personal victory over their fate.

This was demonstrated earlier in his novel *Man's Hope*, for he clearly makes a point of ending the book with the victory of Guadalajara. Without this very abrupt and cut-

short movie-like ending, the final fate of the Spanish Revolution would have completely dissolved Malraux's heroes in their own blood.

In a thoroughly fine critical examination of *André Malraux and the Tragic Imagination*, W. M. Frohock warns us never to consider the historical detail in the novels from a point of view of on-the-spot reporting, for in truth "imagined action" better defines "the nature, if not the quality, of Malraux's achievement."

This book of Frohock's is not only the most up-to-date account of Malraux's life and writings, it is also the most inclusive, for he considers and compares not only the novels but also magazine and newspaper articles dealing with both politics and literary criticism, and finally the most recent writings on art. Frohock points out how the man of action in creating his own mythical role has been concerned with politics as "one of the contexts in which man's nature stands out with clarity—Malraux makes anthropology another." It is this anthropological turn of mind, dating back to 1921, that provides the underlying unity in all his works.

In *The Royal Way* of 1928 we can find perhaps the most direct parallel to Malraux's own early archeological explorations, and this is in no real way autobiographical. In many ways the plot of the fictionized adventure is too seriously rivaled by his own intrigues in Cambodia, where he was sentenced to jail for personally appropriating some valuable Khmerian sculpture. Although he was supposed to be on a government mission for the purpose of making excavations, he has always held that the sculpture belonged to those who found it, otherwise it would still be lost in the vine-covered jungle.

Now it was only after years of defeat—defeat in Indo-China, China, and Spain, defeat in France, where as a member of the Underground he was set before a Nazi firing squad

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like a character in one of his novels and then somehow miraculously saved, thereby winning his post alongside de Gaulle only to be greeted by defeat once again—that he finally withdraws from his public role and returns to art.

Although his most recent book on art, *The Voices of Silence*, appeared in English translation only a few months ago, it should be noted that the French edition appeared in 1951. The book itself amounts to a rewriting of his earlier *Psychology of Art*, and a project that was first begun in 1935. There are four volumes now instead of three, and these appear under one cover together with some of the most beautiful reproductions I have ever seen. There has been considerable cutting and re-editing of the original text as well as certain extensions, which all make up a much more logical presentation of his ideas. It is now ever so much more than the collection of essays that was his earlier book, for with all the easy assurance that comes from previous rehearsals, the performance remains truly inspired.

Since there have already been a number of lively arguments provoked by this book, a number of critical reviews and advance publicity, I do not wish to linger over any listing of its contents, for really it touches on all the visual arts since the beginning of time. I do, however, wish to state how I stand in viewing it.

To me it is a rather silly mistake to regard this book as an art history, even though it may well prove itself to be Spengler's first worthy opponent. I would rather consider it as the work of an artist even if it is the artist answering the historian. Above all else, it is the work of an artist writing an art. While there may be many traditional examples of this kind of writing, Malraux is at once too passionate, too personally involved, to conform to any previous model.

It is, however, not originality alone which may make this book on art perhaps the most important one of our half-century; it is something of its scope that insures its greatness. Even if it were to be later found wanting in that respect, what is significant is Malraux's attempt to relate the whole of art to contemporary thought and modern man's predicament.

In attempting to do this, Malraux gives his greatest emphasis to Modern Art, and so his discreditors will warn us of the uncertainty and speculative nature of such a stance. What Malraux really hopes to exact from Modern Art is a clearer understanding of its values, and he attempts to show us how these very same values affect our viewing of the past. The man never lacks courage. He says that all "Modern Art is agnostic," and is unflinching when he presents a picture of modern man without a God, without a religion, confronted in his state of aloneness only with his destiny. This destiny he defines as "everything that imposes on man the awareness of his own insignificance."

The modern artist, he goes on to say, is really unique in his position of being able to "wrest" from all the arts of the past that which he can "annex" for his own needs. In referring to our artists as making their "dialogues with the past," he moreover implies that in just so answering the past the artist actually denies its historical significance as he exacts a value of his own. It is thus that he himself answers Spengler: "For, in so far as he is a creator, the artist does not belong to a social group already molded by a culture, but to a culture which he is by way of building up."

In a newspaper interview of 1951 Malraux was quoted, "Our time realizes that art is one of the fundamental defenses against our fate." Our fate would then appear to be the chaos that modern man is condemned to live in, but

in the artist's refusal to accept this chaos there is also expressed the will to impose an order—the order of art. He has said that Modern Art is agnostic, therefore the agnostic artist sees nothing behind or beyond the chaos—he admits nothing as eternal, only the eternal refusal to accept ultimate disorder.

In referring to Cezanne's speaking on art, Malraux has said, "In fact no great painter has ever talked as we would like him to talk." The point is that neither does Malraux, but then his writing is never just talk. When we regard the writer as an artist we find him in a contemplative state of mind, retired from the active role in his later years, and it is with no great wonder that we find him reflecting on art. Yet it is always the human drama which takes place in this world of art that holds Malraux's attention. For him, there is only one kind of dramatic action—the battle, whether it be stated in terms of history or of art.

NEW ADMISSION POLICY

[Continued from page 190]

A second step to alleviate the seating problem at the travel lectures and to increase public support through building the Society membership will be taken this fall. The Institute, at the invitation of the Mt. Lebanon Civic League, will present a number of its Society lectures in Mt. Lebanon at Mellon High School Auditorium on Monday evenings. Depending upon the response in terms of additional membership support from that area this fall, it is hoped that the full series may be presented in Mt. Lebanon on succeeding seasons. Residents of Mt. Lebanon who join the Society will have exactly the same status and privileges as the present membership. It is anticipated that this plan may also relieve the present seat shortage, inasmuch as many members from the Mt. Lebanon district now attend the lectures in Music Hall.



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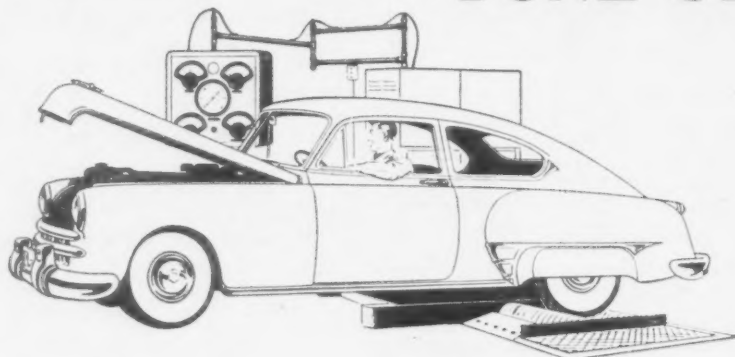
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